$8.50

Nutbusters

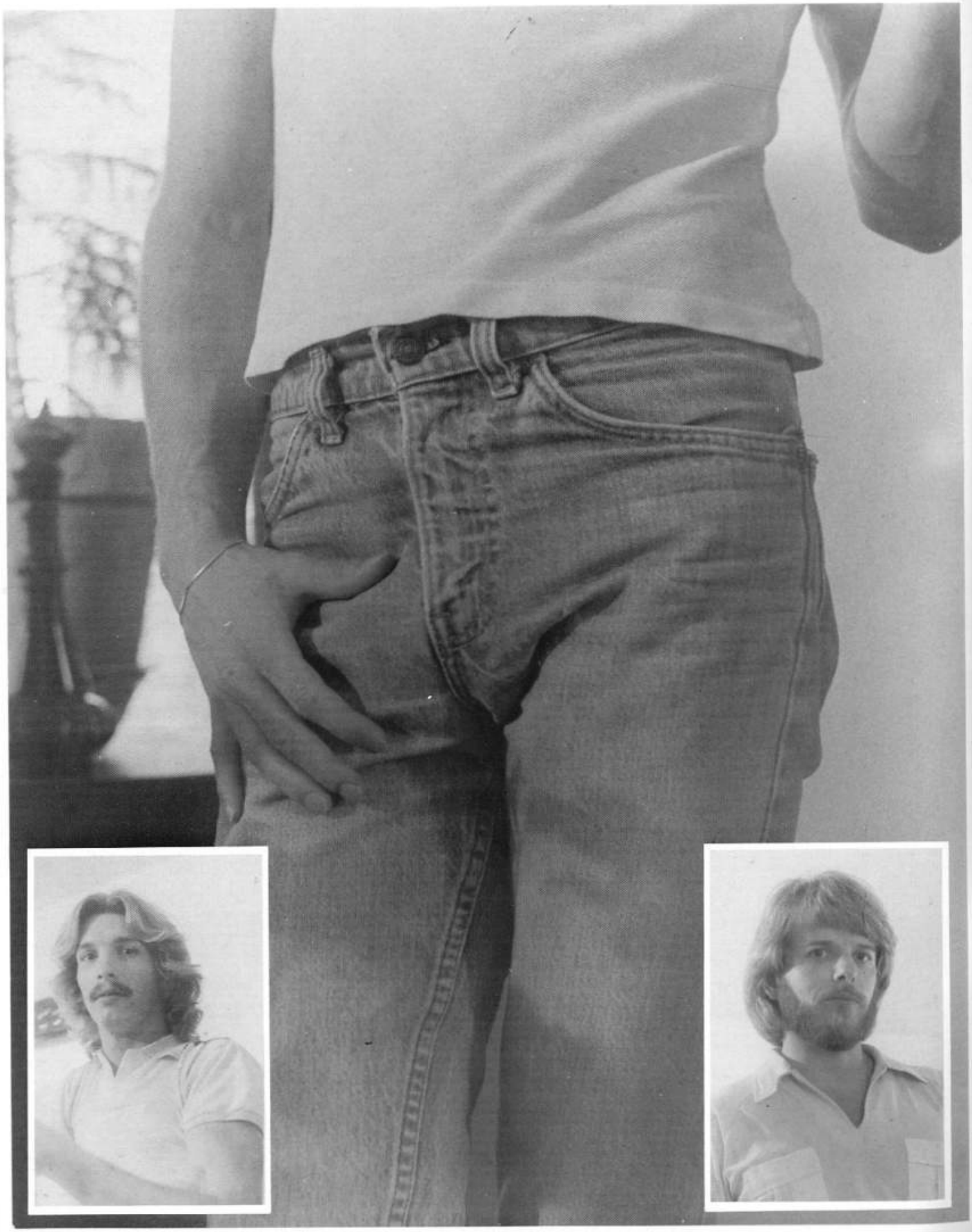
VOLUME ONE
NUMBER ONE

Frank & Kurt & Rod & Joe—Hot young studs busting their nuts again & again!

All Models Over 18

FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY

Frank & Kurt



Frank and Kurt each have lovers, but they also have each other. Every Wednesday afternoon, when Frank's lover has to work late and Kurt's goes out of town on business, Frank and Kurt get together for a good sex session. The reason they do this is because their lovers are more into anal sex, while Frank and Kurt love sucking cock.

And that's what they do, each Wednesday. Come hail or high water, Frank and Kurt get together, smoke a little weed, sip a little wine, and make hot love to each other's manpoles. Neither one is super-hung, like the big studs in the magazines, but then neither one is a size-queen either!

Even so, Frank has at least a genuine seven inches of hard suckable meat, a long shaft tapering upwards and crowned by a flush velvet-purple head that leaks like a faucet. Kurt sports one about the same length,

although a bit skinnier and capped with a soft-pink, smooth and open-slitted head.

How could they resist stripping off their t-shirts and levis, twisting each other's hard nipples, sinking tongues into each other's wet mouths, and licking downwards and downwards till arriving at the reward!

Uniquely, they never sixty-nine. Too feminine, perhaps? Instead, Frank stands on the floor, spread-legged, his cock sticking straightforward like a ship's plow, while Kurt is sitting on the sofa or the edge of the bed waiting to receive. Kurt uses one hand to tug Frank's lusty balls, kneading them, guiding Frank's drooling meat ever closer, while using his other hand to stroke his own cock periodically, sending shivers of sex-pleasure throughout his being.

Soon Frank's meat begins to penetrate Kurt's lips, slowly at first, then more and more

deeply. At last Kurt is getting what he likes more than anything, and he sucks the proffered penis as if the world's soon coming to an end.

It's not of course, but something else is! Kurt braces for the dickload he feels building up, and then, as water bursting over a dam, he studiously relaxes his mouth-grip to the extent of pulling out each long fiery wad into his mouth. Revelling at the terrific taste of Frank's meatcreams, it's all Kurt can do to keep from shooting off himself. As Frank continues to fill Kurt's mouth, Kurt has to squeeze his own throbbing rod tightly, holding back the stuff that wants so bad to cum out.

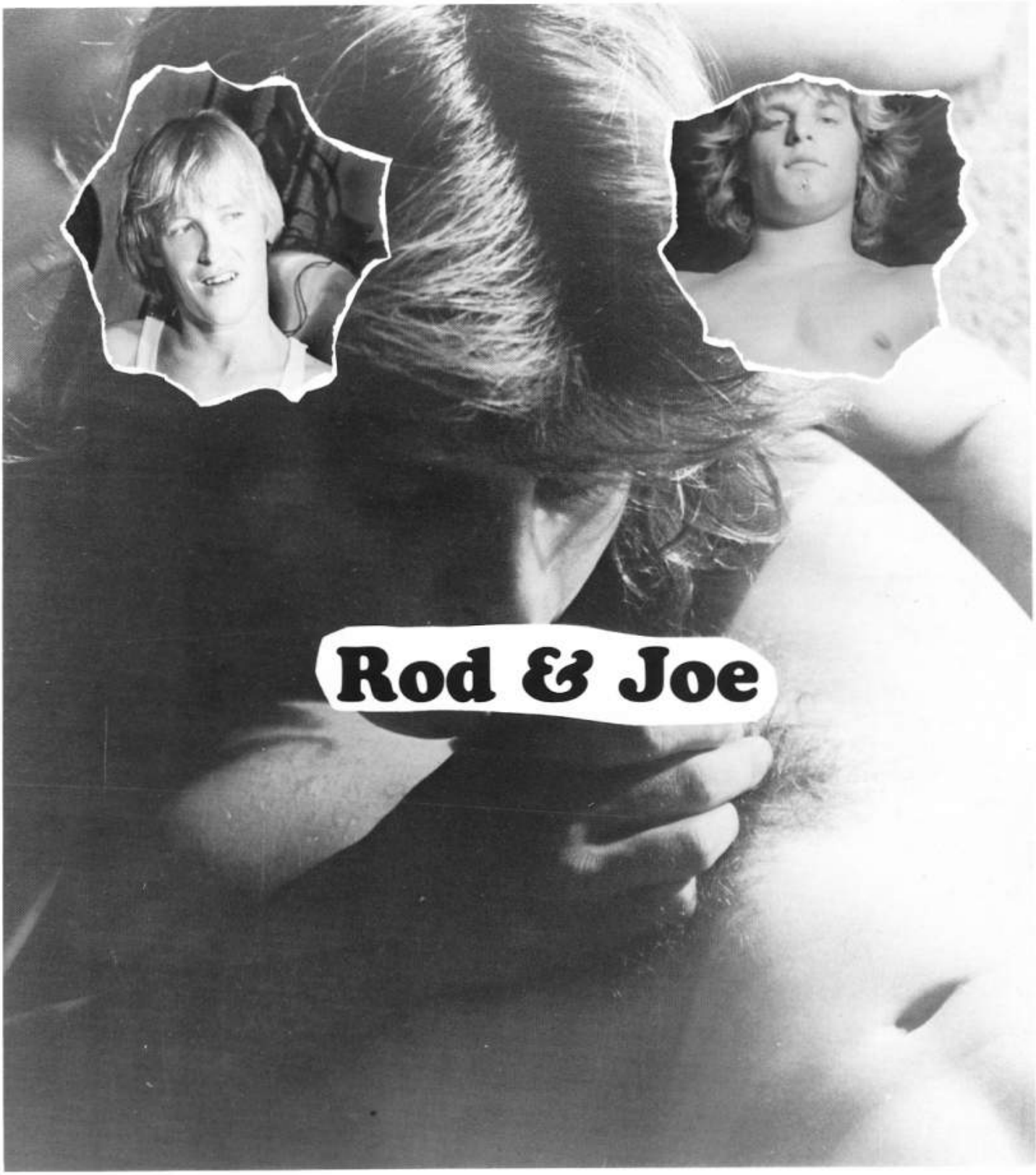
He'll have his turn soon enough, he knows, and almost instantly Frank subsides to the sofa while Kurt stands up erect and gives his friend all the meat he's got. Frank's hands go everywhere, probing the most tender parts of Kurt's body, as he sucks the hot juicing organ.

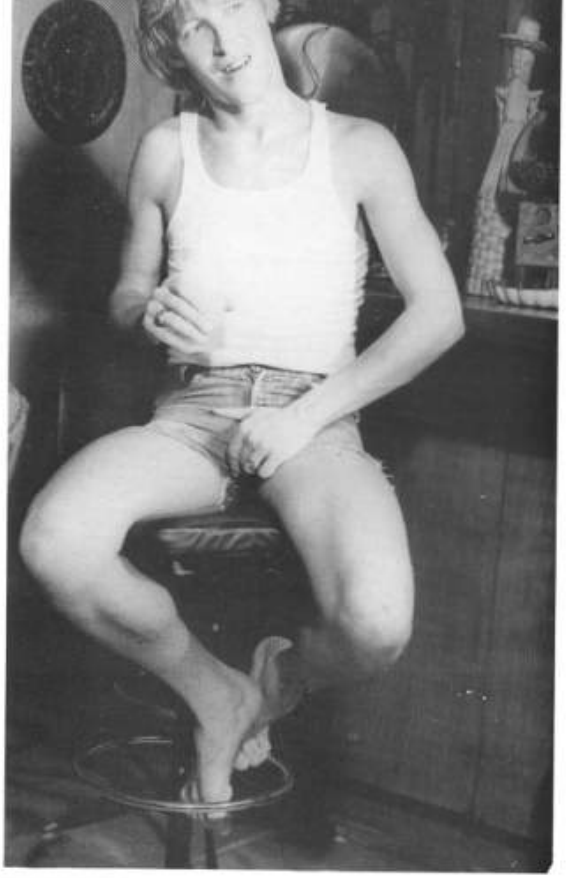
A palm here, a finger there, combined with the intense suction on the readytool, brings Kurt to climax faster than Johnny Wadd ever did it with Linda Lovelace. Kurt's legs tremble nervously as he spends his pent-up curds for his friend. The stuff is so accumulated-thick that Frank gags a bit, drawing his mouth to the very tip of Kurt's spurting fountain of youth.

Kurt wraps his arms around Frank's shoulders as he delivers the last wads, and finally Frank manually removes the spent prick so that he can lick it all over and rub it into his upturned face. It's trick-towel time, as Frank wipes the excess from his lips and chin, squeezes the rough cloth over Kurt's heavy meat, and then lastly wipes his own cock dry.

"I can't wait till next Wednesday," Frank says with a cum-soaked smile, "but right now, where's the dinner you promised me?"

END


Rod & Joe

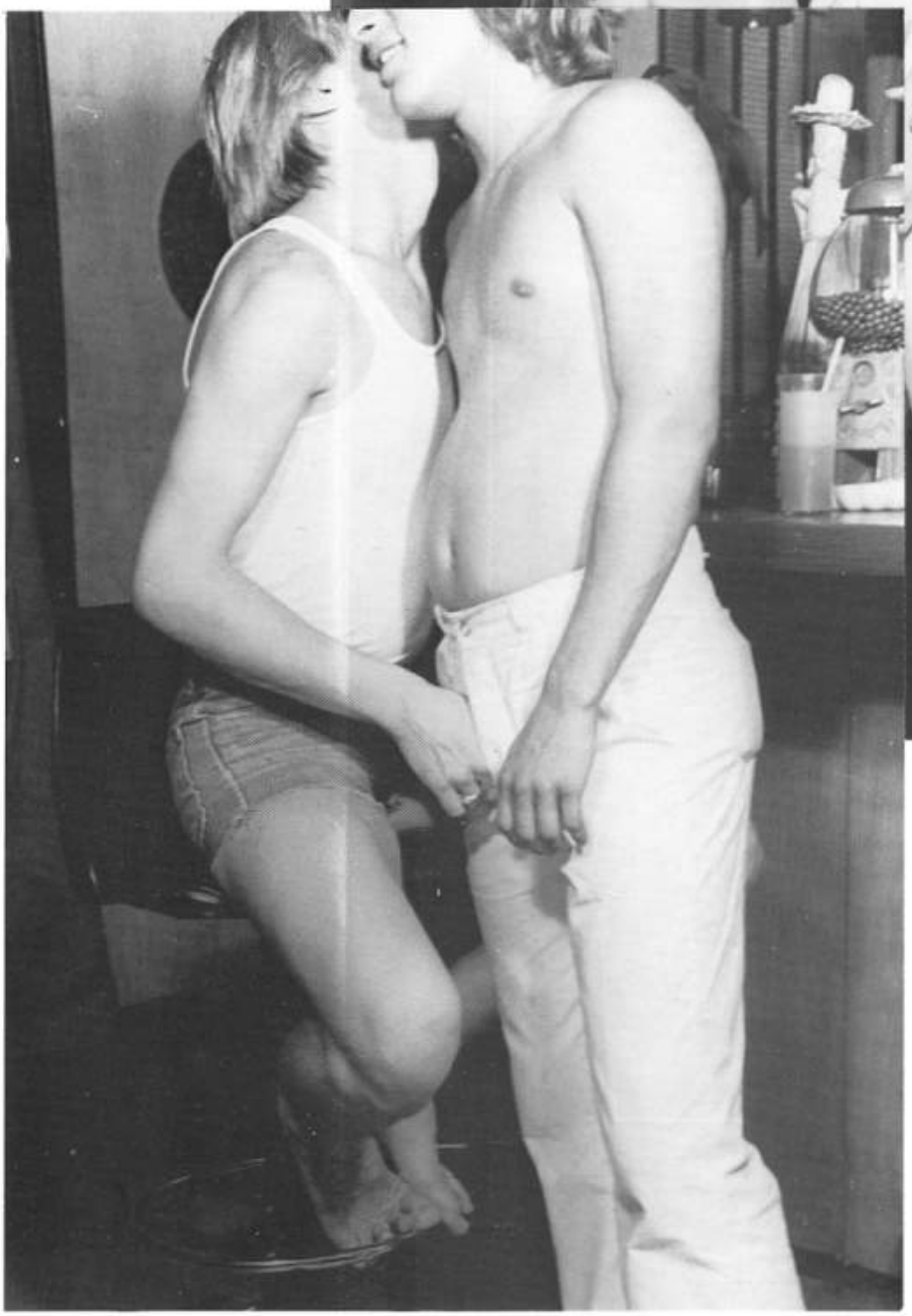


Have you ever been 21 years old, lonely, cruising, and still unable to pick up a trick—even in a bar frequented only by guys who love to trick?

That's the way Rod felt last Tuesday night, as his young long cock stirred beneath his cutoffs, aching for a mouth to suck it or tight young butt to take it all the way. Actually, Rod was in the gay bar closest to his apartment, the one noted for large crowds of college kids cruisin' for a bruisin'. The place was pretty rough sometimes, and you had to be careful who you picked up there, else you might wind up with a bad hand in face and lost wallet.

This particular evening, though, that couldn't be any problem, as the place was practically deserted. Only a couple guys playing pool in the backroom and several older men sitting at the bar. Rod's rod was acting like the bar was filled with naked hot numbers, though. Its head was sticking out the edge of one leg, stirring like a serpent coiled and ready to strike.

"If only there were someone to strike at," Rod said to himself, dejectedly. He was really horny because he hadn't jacked of or dropped a load in three or four days. In fact, it was probably the longest non-unloading period Rod had gone through in recent



years. Ever since he came out he was accustimed to fucking with somebody at least every other day or so.

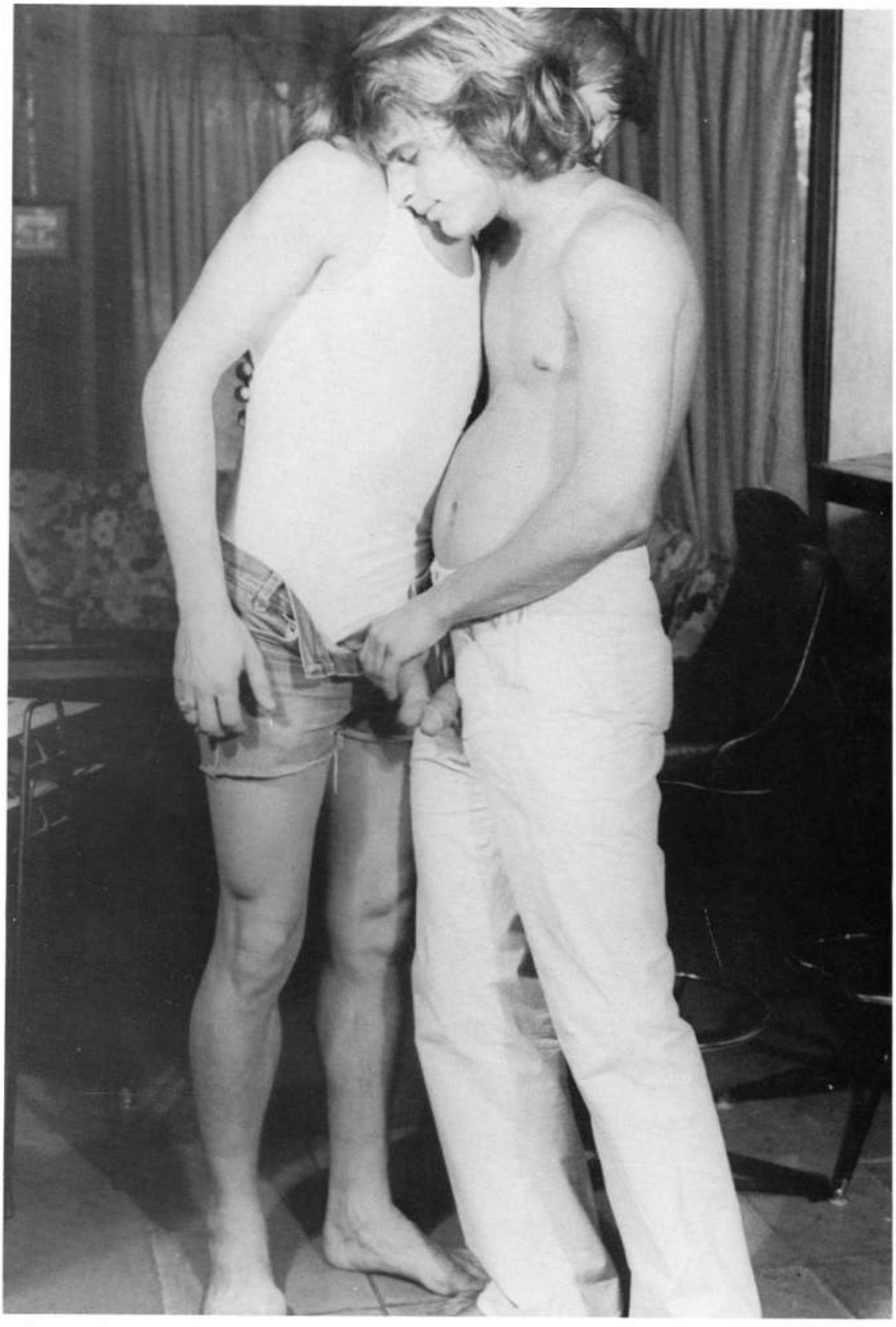
Rod decided to have one more drink, and then to go home and beat off if nothing appeared by then. He was half through with his drink when a blond guy about his same age come through the front door. The guy was obviously a little drunk. His hair was disheveled and his mannerisms were a bit disoriented. Nothing out of hand, just slightly high. "Perfect," Rod thought to himself." His prick tugged at the confinning cutoffs-leg as he cruised the guy harder than he'd ever cruised before.

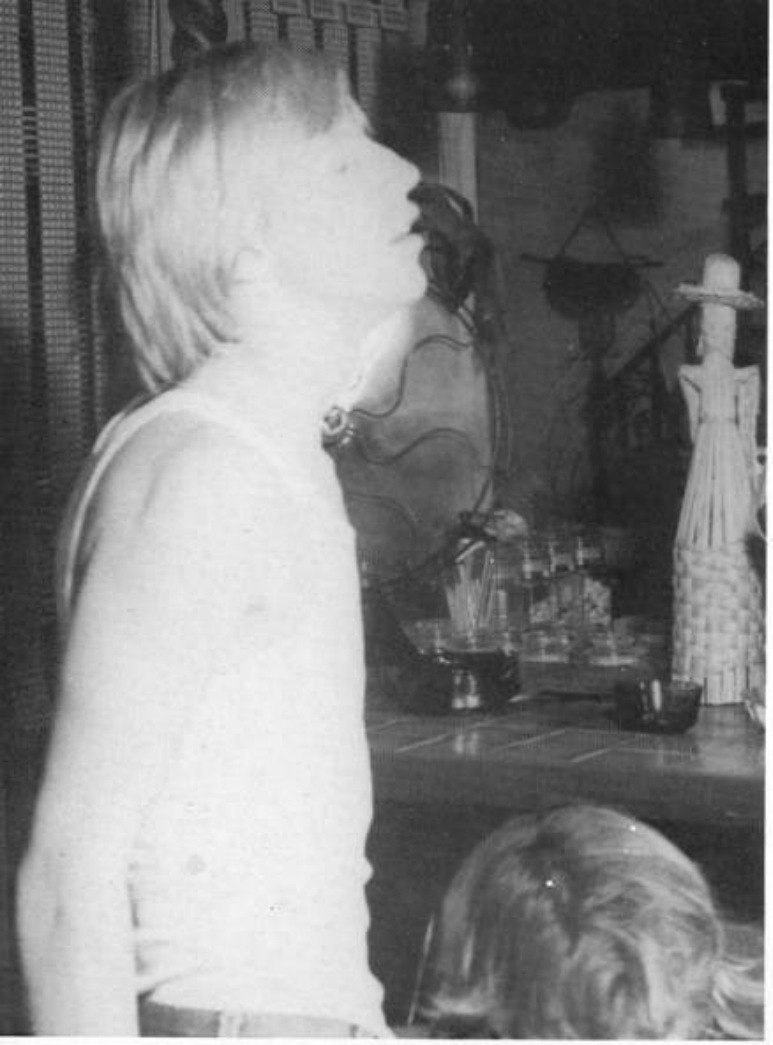
At last the guy responded by looking at Rod. Drink in hand, he turned and walked directly over to Rod with a "where have you been all my life" look on his face. Rod responded with a "right here, suck my cock" answer. Not in words, but only in demeanor.

The guy's name was Joe, he was 22 and going to the university. He fell to his knees in a half stupor, after kissing Rod's willing lips, and licked the hard cock as far back as he could in the tight cutoffs. He even managed to get the juicy head into his mouth and give it a few good suck-strokes.

The latter buzzed Rod's semi-drunken being, so he stood Joe up and then got down on his knees, performing the same tease-suck-public-bar ritual. Joe's cock tasted fresh and good, even though it wan't yet fully hard. Discretion being the better part of valor, though, Rod decided it would be wiser to go someplace private.

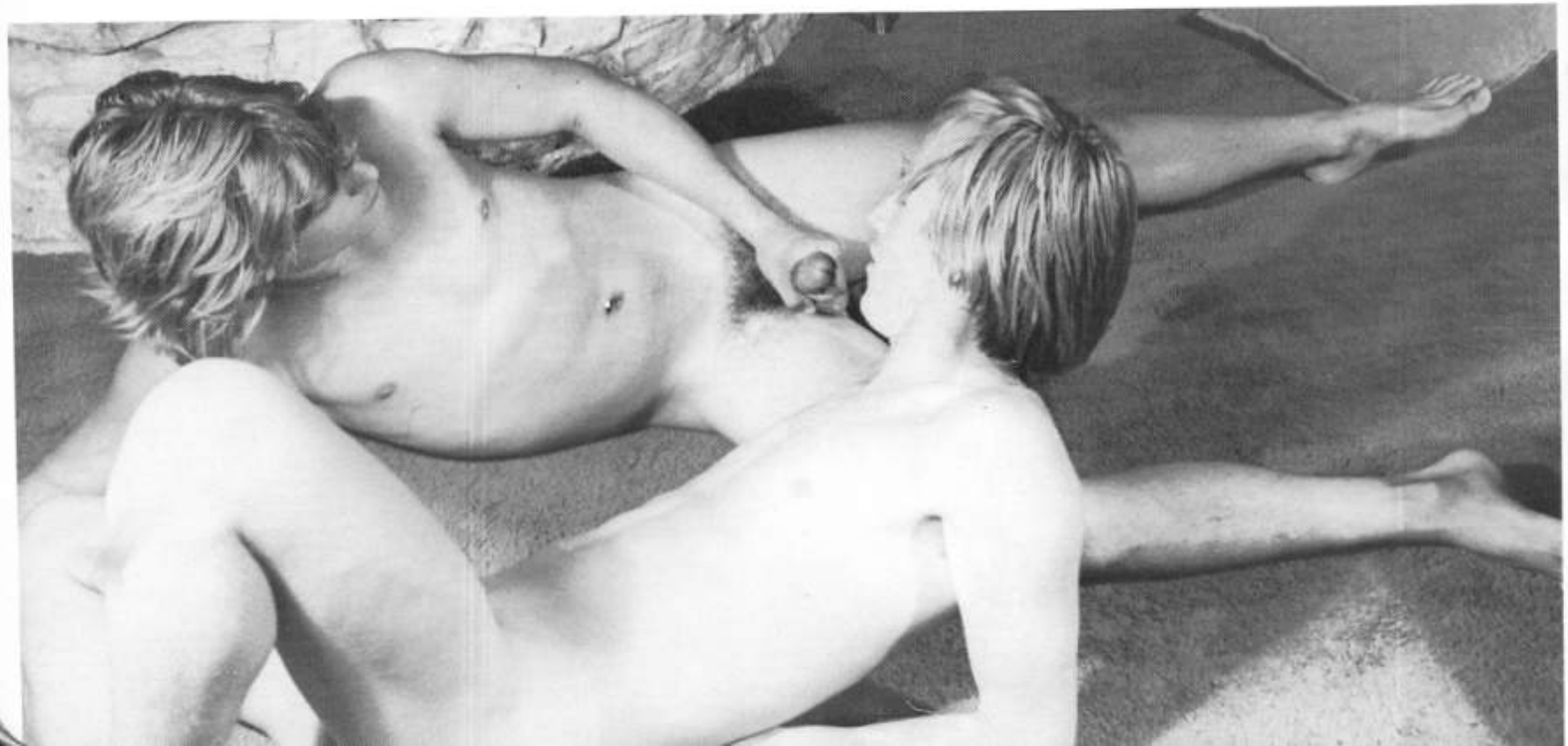
Joe reluctantly agreed, as he was apparently getting off on sucking and being sucked in front of public strangers. The ride to Rod's apartment was uneventful, mostly consisting of Joe rambling on and on about all the cock he'd sucked at the university. Once inside the house, though, he became a sex demon. Literally ripping off his clothes, he thrust his naked body into Rod with ferocity, and ended up in short order sucking a huge dickload down his throat.

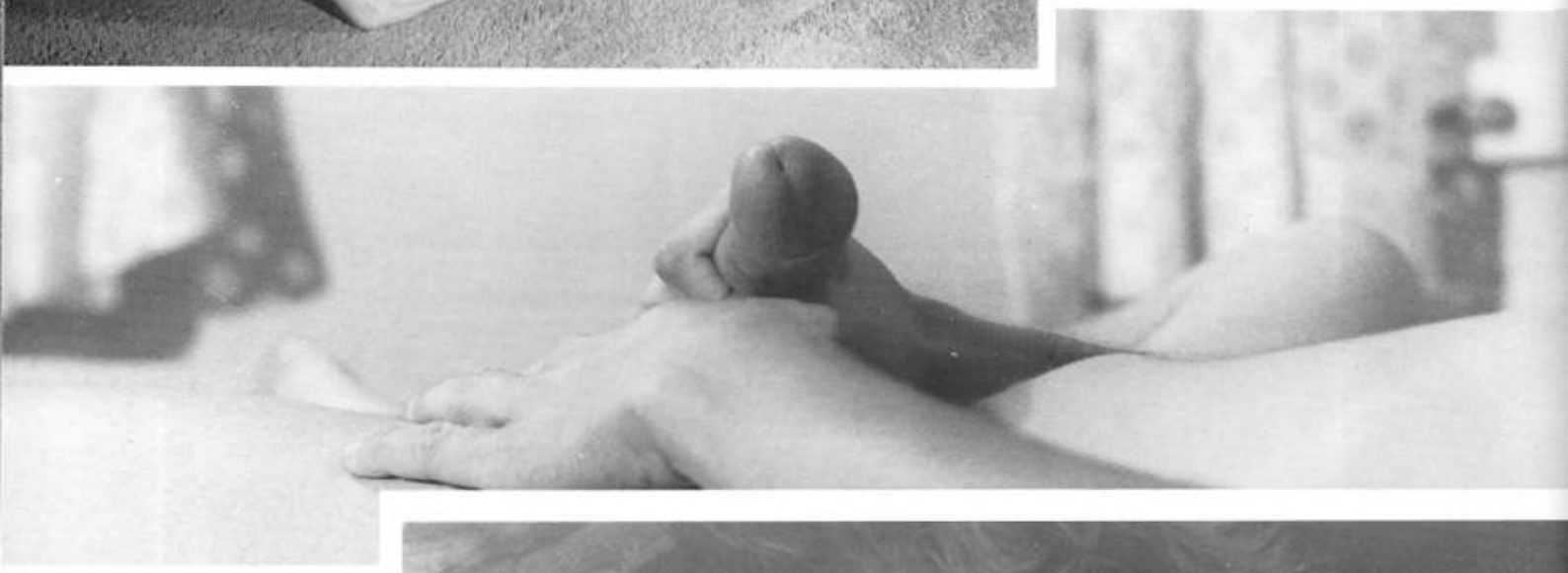




Rod repayed him, of course, prompting Joe's now-hard cock to spit out large spurts of juicy cream. Rod licked and gulped 'em down like a pro, and when he finished gulping down the sticky manstuff, all he could wonder was if there was more where that came from.

There was, and Rod got it again by, first, rimming Joe's asshole like it had never been rimmed! Rod threw Joe on his stomach and writhed into the smelly place with his nose and mouth like a runaway locomotive coming into the roundtable. Each long sensuous thrust of Rod's tongue up Joe's fiery stinking asshole caused the latter to twist and maneuver a foot or more on the carpet.





Rod would respond by coming back into contact, once again driving his rigid wet tongue, fucking it into the moisty depths. Eventually Joe's smooth, hairless ass became accustomed to it, liked it and wanted more. Rod responded by literally screaching his huge thick cock into and up and deep inside the bunghole.

It was hard going at first, but the dripping big smooth prick head eased the way so that the rest of the hot meat could follow. In short order, Rod's long horsedick was coarsely fucking the entire length and width of Joe's rear channel. All too soon, another load was delivered, as Rod poured hot gobs of nutcume covering every inch of Joe's innards.

Joe was finally rock hard and ready, as if anyone wouldn't be under the circumstances. He flopped over on his back and began

jacking his rigid tent-pole, which Rod covered with his mouth just in time to catch the cumsquirts flying out the distended tip.

Rod gulped down batch after batch of the sticky stuff, too high and too sexed up by now to really appreciate its delicate aroma. All he wanted was Joe's cock all the way in his asshole, and he somehow managed to shove the semi-hard spent cock into himself.

It took Joe quite a while, and he had to stop a couple of times to grease up with Vaseline, but finally he was fucking Rod's ass pretty good. The meat was fat and veiny, and Joe knew how to fuck. Eventually he managed to pump a considerable creamload into Rod, although his prick went immediately soft.

As he pulled it out, it felt to Rod like a limp rubber. Nonetheless, Rod was sexed up enough by receiving the rear-end load to give a last try. He climbed over Joe's face and began jacking his big prick directly over Joe's face.

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Joe jacked off too, but his cock wouldn't get hard. However, he obviously was willing to take the sperm, as he threw his head back and opened his mouth under Rod's dripping head. It took Rod about two minutes, but he brought it off gloriously. He somehow beat about eight wad squirts out of the tip of his abused penis, squirting most of them directly down Joe's mouth, and landing the others on the chest and neck.

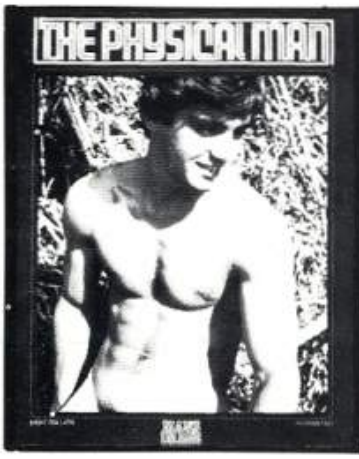
When they were finished, Rod told Joe, "Not bad for a drunken Tuesday night, huh?" Joe was so tuckered out, all he did was grunt, roll over and fall asleep. Right there on the living room floor. Rod had to take him home next morning but got his phone number, just in case another emergency arose.

END

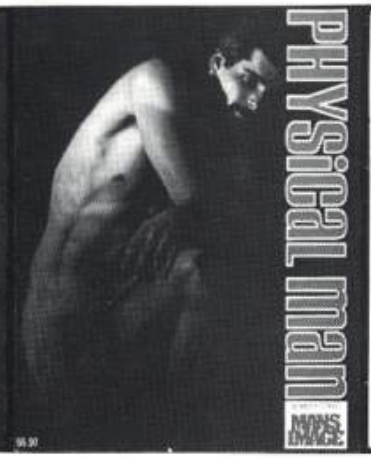
MAN'S IMAGE

Our men.

From the brawny lumberjack to the bulging-jeaned boy-next-door, you'll find the best of them all right here.

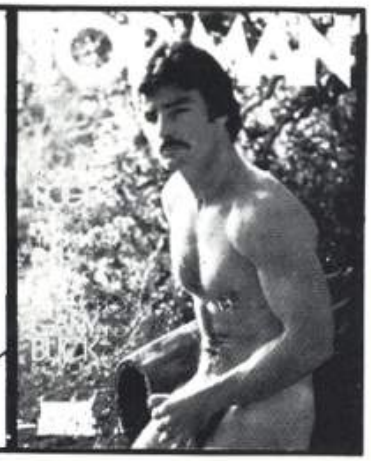


THE PHYSICAL MAN 2



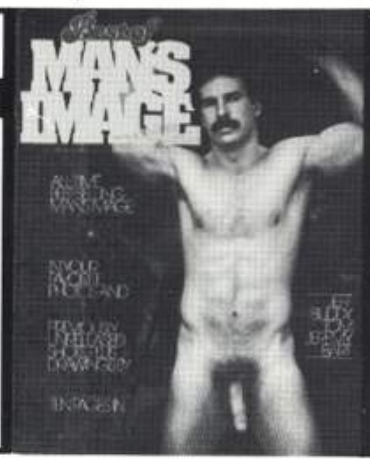
THE PHYSICAL MAN 3

THE PHYSICAL MAN 4



TOP MAN

MEN OF MAN'S IMAGE



BEST OF MAN'S IMAGE

YOUNG MAN'S IMAGE 1

YOUNG MAN'S IMAGE 2

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I am at least 21 years old

MAN'S IMAGE

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